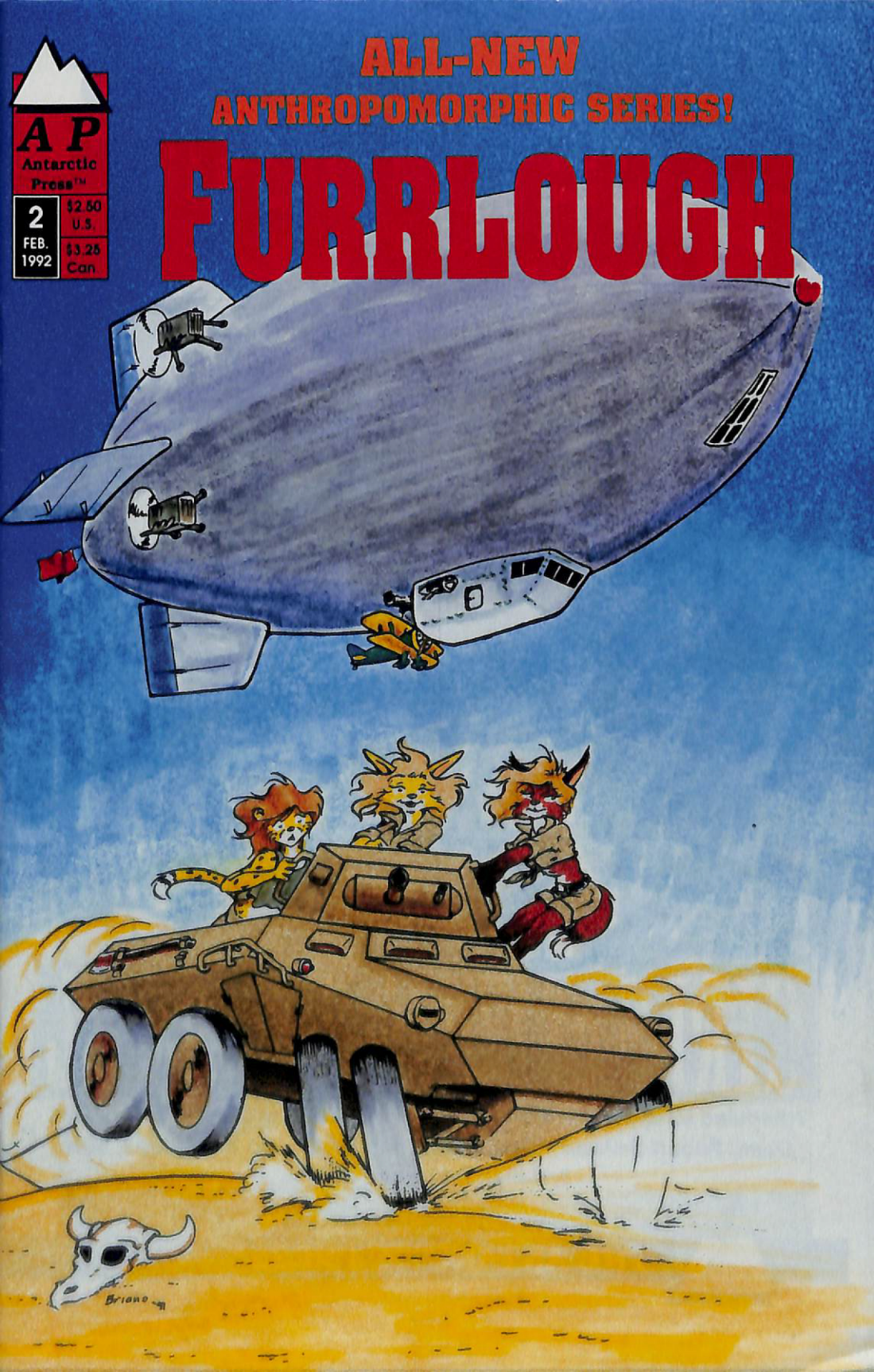
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...CAN'T LIVE WITH THEM, CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THEM...

GIRLS of NINJA HIGH SCHOOL

Scheduled to appear in this all-new, 1992 edition are the talents of Ben Dunn, Robert DeJesus, Riley, ARNie, Joe Wight, Lea Hernandez, Rich Schleifer, and many others!

COMING IN MAY 1992 FROM THE ANTARCTIC PRESS!

FURRLOUGH

Number 2, February 1992

Table of Contents

Res Futura Pg.2
by Joe Rosales

...Why Desert Winds Howl... Part 1 Pg.4
by Riley

Duetshes Stosstruppen Chapter 2 Pg.18
by T. Sheppard

Cover by Brian Sutton

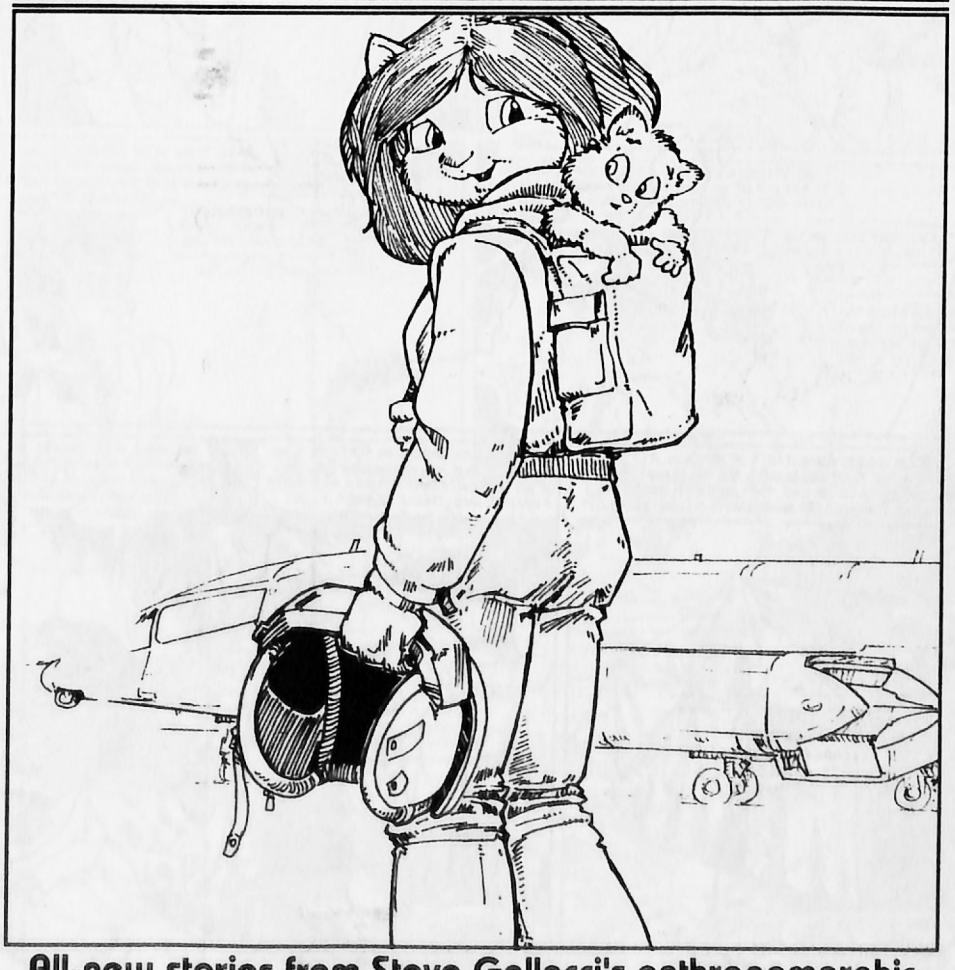
NOW GET TO WORK!!!
AAAA

LOOKS LIKE WE SHOULD BE OUT OF THESE HILLS IN ANOTHER DAY OR SO, PETRI. IT'LL BE GOOD NOT TO WORRY ABOUT GUARDING OUR TAILS EVERY NIGHT, ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE.
RES FUTURA
STORY & ART BY JOE ROSALES
YOU DON'T THINK HIGHWAYMEN WOULD ATTACK AN ARMED CENTURY, DO YOU?
YOU CAN NEVER TELL. BUT I'M MORE WORRIED ABOUT BARBARIANS— MALIBUNS OR BENDUNOTHS.
SINCE THE WAR THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF THEM MOVING SOUTH. AND BORDERS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE, ESPECIALLY OUT HERE.
I'D LIKE A REPORT ON THE MEN WE GAINED IN SHELIUM. WHERE IS CABRIUS?
OUT AT THE NORTHEAST EDGE. HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE IT WAS DUG IN PROPERLY, WITH THE RIDGE THERE.
I'VE SEEN THE ROSTER —MOSTLY RAW RECRUITS AGAIN, FEW VETERANS.
AS EXPECTED. HOPEFULLY WE'LL PICK UP MORE VETERANS IN CORACULUM. ANYTHING ELSE?
ACTUALLY, YES. WE PICKED UP A RECRUIT FROM THE TEMPLE.
A PRIEST?
NOT YET. BUT HE IS TRAINED IN RITUAL AND SACRIFICE — PARTICULARLY IN DIVINATION.
HE'S YOUNG, BUT THE PRIESTS SWORE HE HAS THE GIFT OF APOLLO. CABRIUS SAID THEY DIDN'T WANT HIM TO COME WITH US.

INTERESTING—THOUGH I HAVE MORE FAITH IN BRONZE THAN BIRD GUTS.
EVEN SO, HE COULD HELP MORALE. CABRIUS ASSIGNED HIM TO THE THIRD CONTUBERNIUM.
THAT'LL BE IN THE SOUTHWEST CORNER.
I'LL BE BACK SOON, PETRI. I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND, AND A LITTLE TALK WITH OUR NEW PROGNOSTICATOR!
PLUTO'S HELMET...
...WHERE IS EVERYONE?
WHAT D'YOU SEE IN MY CAST, CASSIUS?
LEMME SEE
HMMM... YOUR FIRST CAST IS MOSTLY IN THE THIRD QUADRANT, WHICH COULD MEAN A WOMAN...
HA! PROB'LY HIS MA!
HA HA!
I CAN'T SEE
QUIT PUSHING
WAIT YOUR TURN
MOVE OVER
HEY!
ON!
SHUT UP!
OVE YOUR ELBOW
HA HA!

BUT THIS INDICATES TROUBLE... SOON, AND... A LEADER... HM. THAT'S STRANGE...
I HAVE A PREDICTION.
I PREDICT THAT IF THIS EMBANKMENT...
...ISN'T FINISHED BY SEVENTH HOUR...
...I'LL HAVE ALL YOUR EARS AND TAILS ON A NECKLACE!!
NOW GET TO WORK!!
AS FOR YOU, SEER...
I SEE A LASH IN YOUR FUTURE.!
I THINK OUR LEADER HAS SOME OF APOLLO'S GIFT HIMSELF.
I PREDICT WE WON'T GET OFF THIS EASY NEXT TIME.
I PREDICT IF THIS ISN'T DONE WE WON'T GET A NEXT TIME.!
FINIS

ALBEDO™

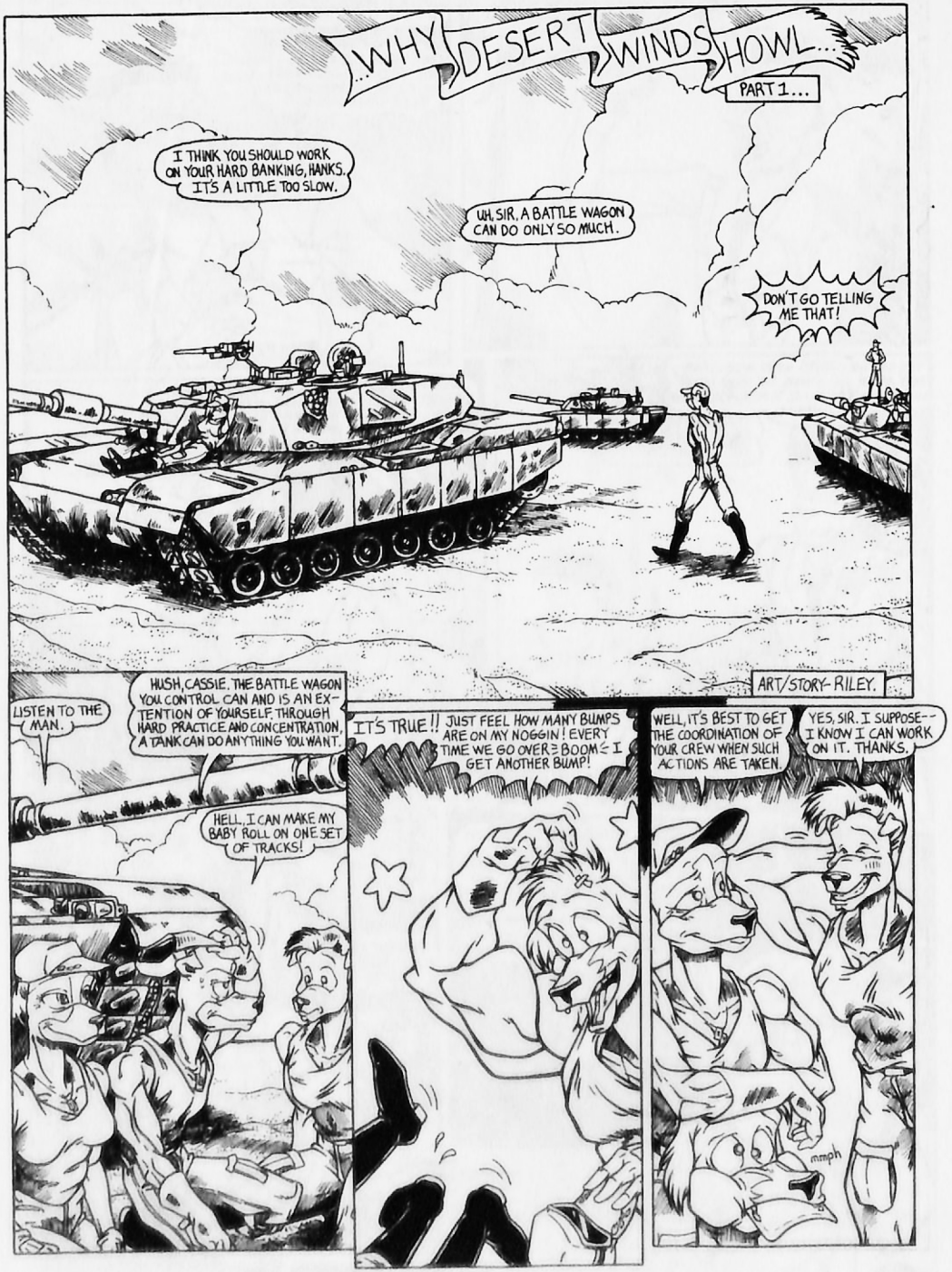


All-new stories from Steve Gallacci's anthropomorphic world featuring Erma Felna. Written and illustrated by Steve Gallacci!

ALBEDO #4 COMING IN MARCH
FROM THE ANTARCTIC PRESS!

THE WAR CONTINUES...
THE CONTINENT OF AHTINON IS DOMINATED BY THE FLATLAND ANIMALS (F.L.A.'S). ...THE NATION AS A WHOLE IS CONSIDERED "NEUTRAL" IN THE ON GOING WAR BETWEEN THE DOMESTICATED ANIMALS (D.A.'S) AND THE WILD ANIMALS (W.A.'S) WHO, AT THE PRESENT, ARE CURRENTLY LOCATED IN AHTINON'S INNER DESERT REGIONS...
N
ONE OF THE OTHER INHABITANTS OF AHTINON, A LESSER DIVISION OF THE FLATLAND ANIMALS, ARE THE LEOPARDS... THROUGH DOCUMENTS OF WAR, THEY CONSIDER THEMSELVES "UNINVOLVED", THOUGH ARE ARMED WITH MILITARY CAPABILITY...
THE TIME TO STRIKE THE SMALL VILLAGE OF UHRTAR IS NOW, GENTLEMEN.
SUCH AN ATTACK MUST ENSURE THAT THERE WILL BE NO SURVIVORS. NO MATTER WHAT THE COST... SIR.
OF COURSE! ACCORDING TO STATISTICS, THE VILLAGE PEOPLE ARE WITHOUT ANY FIREARMS OF THE SORT AND A MERE SOLDIER ARMED WITH A MACHINE GUN COULD WIPE THEM ALL OUT.
THE F.L.A.'S HAVE BEEN OUR NATURAL ENEMIES FOR GENERATIONS.
THIS MOVE, IF SUCCESFUL, WILL DEFINATELY MAKE UP FOR OUR LONG OVER DUE LOSS AT PALMAR. A LOT OF GOOD, YOUNG MEN DIED--
QUIT MULLING OVER THE PAST, BOY!

THE ONLY REASON THIS PLAN WILL FAIL IS BECAUSE OF SOLDIERS LIKE YOU WHO DOUBT THEIR SUPERIORS!
TO STRIKE WITH JUDGEMENT AND EMOTION ONLY HINDERS VICTORY! A VICTORY THAT WILL BE BLAMED TO THE WILD ANIMALS!
ONE HALF OF THE EIGHTH DIVISION IS CURRENTLY UNDER WAY SOUTH-SOUTH EAST TO THE UNSUSPECTING VILLAGE...
ONCE THERE, THE ATTACK MUST BE SWIFT! LIEUTENANT! HAVE ALL THE ACCOMMODATIONS BEEN TAKEN CARE OF?!
YES, SIR. THE ORDERS WERE MADE CLEAR THAT AFTER THE STRIKE, THE ITEMS OF THE W.A. FOOT SOLDIERS ARE TO BE PLACED ABOUT THE COMPOUND.
THE DOMESTICATED ANIMALS CAN EASILY IDENTIFY WHO CARRIED OUT THE MASSACRE.
GOOD, VERY GOOD. AFTER THE D.A.'S INTERCEPT THE SUPPOSED "ORDERS" OF THE ASSAULT ON THE VILLAGE, IT WILL TAKE THEM NEARLY THIRTY MINUTES TO MOVE IN FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE INNOCENT F.L.A.'S ...
DURING THAT TIME, OUR DIVISION WILL SLIP OUT TO SAFETY.
THAT RUNT PRINCESS IRA WILL DO ANYTHING TO KEEP ON THE GOOD SIDE OF THE F.L.A.'S.
AFTER ALL, THOSE SCUM D.A.'S HAVE TO UPHOLD THEIR IMAGE OF BEING A "GOOD WORLD POWER" WHEREAS THE W.A.'S ARE GOING TO BE STUCK WITH A BURDEN OF HEARTLESSLY ATTACKING NEUTRAL NATIONS OF THE AHTINON CONTINENT.
MY, MY... WOULD SAWTOOTH BE PROUD OF ME.
GO NOW! SUCH FINE OPPORTUNITIES OF WAR DO NOT COME EASILY IN PASSING!!
HMPH. BUT IDIOTCY DOES. THERE WILL BE HELL TO PAY...


...WHY DESERT WINDS HOWL...
PART 1...
I THINK YOU SHOULD WORK ON YOUR HARD BANKING, HANKS. IT'S A LITTLE TOO SLOW.
UH, SIR, A BATTLE WAGON CAN DO ONLY SO MUCH.
DON'T GO TELLING ME THAT!
ART/STORY-RILEY.
LISTEN TO THE MAN.
HUSH, CASSIE. THE BATTLE WAGON YOU CONTROL CAN AND IS AN EXTENTION OF YOURSELF. THROUGH HARD PRACTICE AND CONCENTRATION, A TANK CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT.
HELL, I CAN MAKE MY BABY ROLL ON ONE SET OF TRACKS!
IT'S TRUE!! JUST FEEL HOW MANY BUMPS ARE ON MY NOGGIN! EVERY TIME WE GO OVER ≥BOOM≤ I GET ANOTHER BUMP!
WELL, IT'S BEST TO GET THE COORDINATION OF YOUR CREW WHEN SUCH ACTIONS ARE TAKEN.
YES, SIR. I SUPPOSE-- I KNOW I CAN WORK ON IT. THANKS.
mmph

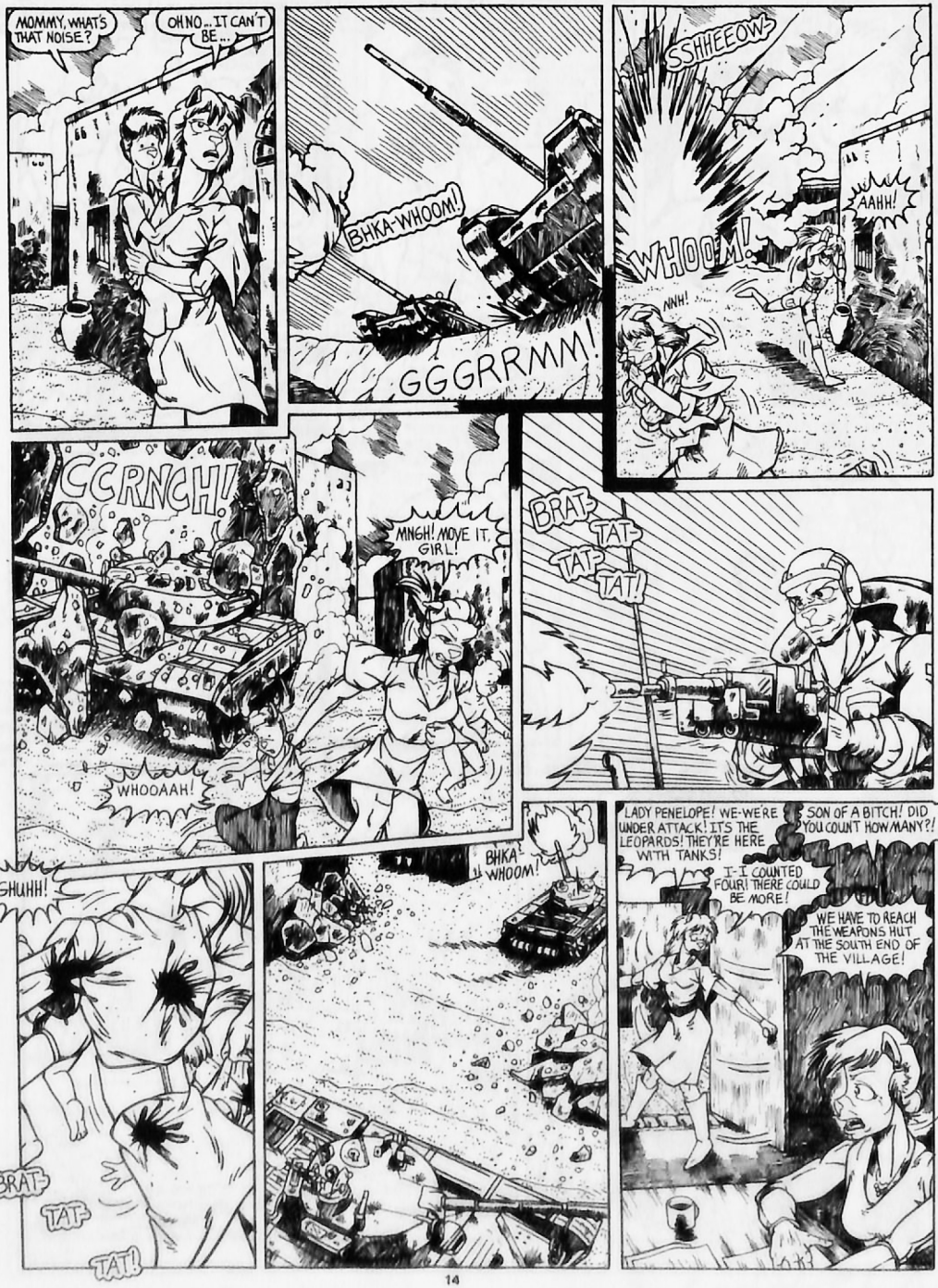
DAMN, THIS HOT WEATHER'S KILLING ME..? PHEW=
I KNOW, BIBI. OUR COUNTRY NEVER ENDURES SUCH TEMPERATURES AS INTENSE HERE IN THE AHTINON DESERT FLATS.
I'M CURIOUS, IRA, BUT WHY DO YOU LIKE COMING DOWN HERE? YOU SEEM TO GO EVERYWHERE.
HUHH. MY ARMS ARE GETTING DARK. I THINK IT'S BEST TO BE WITH THE FIGHTING MEN AND WOMEN OF MY MILITARY, BIBI. TO CHECK MORALE, THE WORKING ORDER OF THE WEAPONS, AND JUST EVERYTHING IN GENERAL.
AND BESIDES, WHO AM I TO SIT ON THE THRONE ALL THE TIME?
SO TRUE. (GIGGLE)
FIRST HAND KNOWLEDGE IS EVERYTHING. THE MORE I LEARN, THE MORE I CAN UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS WAR.
THAT DOES IT!
?
!
I SEE YOU BACK THERE SPYING ON ME, WOOLIE!
FWAP!
OOMPH!
SPY? HA. I WAS ONLY CHECKING OUT THE TRACKS, MY DEAR LITTLE BIBI.
I BET YOU WERE.
REALLY! CAN I HELP IT IF YOU'RE IN THE WAY? HEE-HEE.
LOOK, WOMAN, I THOUGHT WE WEREN'T GOING TO BRING UP THIS LITTLE TOPIC ON THIS TRIP AROUND.
SO I LIE. LET'S START OVER AGAIN, PINTO. IT'S THAT EASY.
START OVER?! YOU CAN'T EVEN BE HONEST WITH ME, CASSIE!
BUT, HONEY, I'M NOT THE SAME PERSON I WAS YEARS AGO! I'VE CHANGED AND LEARNED SO MUCH!
YOU'RE NOT ALLOWING ME TO SHOW YOU WHO I AM NOW... I JUST WANT YOU TO LOVE ME... TO LOVE ME...
NO. YOU STABBED ME ONCE IN THE BACK BEFORE. THERE'S NO WAY IT'S EVER GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN.

JUST GO FIND SOMEONE ELSE...
.....
FAR AWAY...
UNGHH!
UNNGHH!
COME ON, WILL! YOU'RE BEATIN' HIM!
HA-HA!
GO! GO! GO!
HA-HA!
YEAH!
DON'T GO CALLING ME "SIR"!
UUNNNHH!
SHE SURE IS A PRETTY ONE. THINK YOU'RE EVER GOING TO ASK HER HAND IN MARRIAGE?
UMPH! I MUST BE GETTING OLD! HA-HA!
COULD HAVE FOOLED ME, SIR! HEH! NGH!
IT'S NO BIG DEAL OR ANYTHING WHEN WE'RE OUT HERE ON PRACTICE MANEUVERS. GOOD JOB THOUGH, WILL..
THANKS, SAWTOOTH. THAT'S ONE STRONG ARM YOU HAVE.
MAYBE I CAN BLAME THE HEAT, EH? HA-HA.
RIGHT.
HMPH. DON'T SPEND IT ALL IN ONE PLACE.
I PLAN TO! GONNA BUY SOME COLD BEERS TONIGHT!

MARRIAGE? I...I REALLY DON'T KNOW AT THE MOMENT. I CAN SAY THE THOUGHT HAS CROSSED MY MIND MORE THAN ONCE.
NO OFFENSE, SAWTOOTH, BUT YOU'RE NOT TWENTY-ONE ANYMORE.
YES. I KNOW THAT. BUT I'M NOT ANTICIPATING ANY CHILDREN IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE IMPLYING.
HOW OLD IS SEFFI, ANYWAY?
THIRTY-ONE.
?
OH, YEAH? FOOLED ME. MY OLD LADY'S PUSHING TWENTY-SIX AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK ANYTHING NEAR SEFFI HERE. HA-HA.
MEN, ARE YOU JUST SAYING ALL THIS BECAUSE I'M OUR COUNTRY'S LEADER?
HA HA HA
LET ME SEE.
NO. I DON'T THINK SO. WELL, AT LEAST FOR ME. I WILL SAY THIS: THAT GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS SURE HAS A GREAT BODY, THOUGH.
YEAH
ER, YES. SEFFI DOES. BUT SHE'S A GOOD GIRL WITH A LEVEL HEAD ON HER SHOULDERS. INTELLIGENT WOMEN ATTRACT ME.
SSUUURE, SAWTOOTH! SURE! HA-HA-HA!
HONEST! I'M TELLING YOU THE TRUTH!
EXCUSE ME, GUYS, BUT I HAVE A GREAT BODY, TOO!
IRA! GET OVER HERE! IT'S AN EMERGENCY! IRA!

WHAT IS IT?!
BASE COMMUNICATIONS HAS JUST INTERCEPTED A W.A. MESSAGE THAT THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK A SMALL F.L.A. VILLAGE! UHRTAR I BELIEVE IT WAS!
ARE YOU SURE?!
YES! THEY JUST BROKE THE CODE AND-!
DAMN! UHRTAR?! WHY UHRTAR?! ITS NOT A MILITARY TARGET!
IN OUR PRESENT POSITION, WE CAN REACH THAT VILLAGE IN TWENTY MINUTES! FIFTEEN IF WE PUSH THE BATTLE WAGONS TO THE LIMIT!
EVERYONE! GET OVER HERE!
HURRY UP!!
UNDER BETTER JUDGEMENT, I WANT TO CHECK IT OUT.
THIS COULD BE A TRAP, IRA. WE DON'T KNOW PRECISELY WHAT WE'RE GOING UP AGAINST HERE.
WE JUST CAUGHT WORD THAT W.A. FORCES ARE MOVING IN TO ATTACK A FLATLAND ANIMAL VILLAGE!
THE F.L.A.'S DON'T HAVE MANY, IF ANY, MILITARY OBJECTIVES OUT HERE AND I SURE AS HELL DON'T KNOW WHY THEY WANT TO SUPRESS A SMALL VILLAGE AS UHRTAR!
THAT'S SOMETHING WE'RE GOING TO TAKE IN STRIDE, PINTO. INNOCENT LIVES ARE AT STAKE. ITS THE DUTY OF--
IRA! OUR LIVES ARE AT STAKE! WE JUST FINISHED TWO AND A HALF HOURS OF TANK MANEUVERS! THESE MACHINES CAN STAND ONLY SO MUCH!
IF THE PERSONNEL ARE FIT TO DO BATTLE THEN SO ARE THE MACHINES!
I'M NOT ORDERING YOU TO GO! STAY BEHIND IF YOU CHOOSE TO!
NOW WHO'S GOING WITH ME?!
WE ARE!
LITTLE BUDDY?
YEAH, YEAH, ME, TOO. (WE'RE PUSHING IT I TELL YOU.)

SAWTOOTH, I-I NEVER HAD THE CHANCE TO TELL YOU THIS, BUT I'M SURE PROUD TO FIGHT AT YOUR SIDE. I-IT'S REALLY AN HONOR.
YOU'RE WELCOME, HULTON. BUT WE'VE YET TO GO INTO A REAL SITUATION.
HEH! Y-YES, SAWTOOTH! I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT!
AND LET'S NOT MENTION I WON YOU TEN BUCKS. SPEND IT WISELY.
YEAH! I TOLD THE OTHER GUYS I WAS GONNA--
SAWTOOTH! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT I JUST CAME ACROSS A TRANSMISSION THAT W.A. FORCES ARE MOVING TOWARDS SOME VILLAGE CALLED UHRTAR!
WHAT? THAT CAN'T BE. NONE OF THE W.A. FORCES MOVE WITHOUT ME KNOWING IT.
THE CODE WAS SUPPOSIVELY OURS EXCEPT I HEARD A FEW TERMS THAT DIDN'T QUITE FIT IN. IT ALL WAS A BIT FORCED.
I SEE. ORDER THE CREWS TO GET SUITED UP.
WE'RE GOING TO INVESTIGATE THIS F.L.A. VILLAGE...AND SEE WHAT THE HELL THESE BELLIGERENT LITTLE, LEOPARDS ARE UP TO. HULTON, NOW WE'RE IN A REAL SITUATION.
GGGRRMMMM!


MOMMY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
OH NO... IT CAN'T BE...
BHKA-WHOOM!
GGGRRMM!
SSHHEEOW!
WHOOM!
AAHH!
NNH!
CCRNCH!
MNGH! MOVE IT, GIRL!
WHOOAAH!
BRAT-TAT-TAT!
GHUHH!
BRAT-TAT-TAT!
BHKA-WHOOM!
LADY PENELOPE! WE-WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! ITS THE LEOPARDS! THEY'RE HERE WITH TANKS!
SON OF A BITCH! DID YOU COUNT HOW MANY?!
I-I COUNTED FOUR! THERE COULD BE MORE!
WE HAVE TO REACH THE WEAPONS HUT AT THE SOUTH END OF THE VILLAGE!

THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE! GATHER WHOEVER YOU CAN AND GET THE CHILDREN TO SAFETY!
YES! I WILL!
MMHGHUH!
HURRY NOW! START SETTING THOSE HUTS ON FIRE! WE HAVE ONLY TEN MINUTES TO WIPE OUT THIS VILLAGE!
WHAAHHH-HHK-MMOOOMAHH.
CHK
NO ONE CAN BE SPARED...NO ONE.
BLAM
ALL SEEMS TO BE GOING WELL.
WAR SPARES NO ONE, GRUNT. WHETHER BY BOMBS OR BY BULLETS, THE END RESULT IS VICTORY THROUGH DEATH.
SIR. THIS...THIS ATTACK WILL CERTAINLY SPARE THE CHILDREN, WILL IT NOT?
BUT, SIR, MERE CHILDREN... THEY AREN'T OLD ENOUGH TO UNDERSTAND THE VIRTUES OF WAR OR WHAT--
HK
DO YOU THINK OUR CHILDREN AT PALMAR COULD HAVE AGREED WITH YOUR STATEMENTS?!
IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE BEING A SOLDIER THEN GET OUT OF THE MILITARY! FOR GENERATIONS, OUR FAMILIES HAVE DIED FIGHTING THESE PEOPLE! MEN! WOMEN! CHILDREN! IT DIDN'T MATTER TO NO ONE!

IT MATTERS... IT MATTERS A LOT...
GGGRRMM
WOOLIE! DID-! DID I MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION?!
YOU BET, IRA! BUT SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT HERE! THE W.A.'S JUST DON'T GO ATTACKING F.L.A. VILLAGES!
WE'RE SAWTOOTHS BETTER CHOICE!
YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, WOOLIE. DAMN YOU, SAWTOOTH. EVEN YOU HAVE A HEART.
THERE! UHRTAR IS JUST AHEAD!
THE COORDINATES ARE CORRECT! THIRD SQUADRON, KEEP ALERT! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S MAKING THOSE PILLARS OF SMOKE!
HULTON! WEAPONS CHECK!
OUR PRACTICE MANEUVERS DIDN'T LEAVE US MUCH TO FIGHT WITH! CONSIDERING THE SITUATION, WE CAN'T AFFORD ANY "BUM SHOOTING"!
YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT, BOY! I SURE AS HELL DIDN'T CHOOSE YOU AS MY CO-PILOT BECAUSE OF YOUR GOOD LOOKS! DO ME JUSTICE!
BBRAAHHWW!
WOP - WOP - WOP!
TO CONTINUE!

KIMBER

PRINCE OF THE FEYLONS

A new adaptation and all-new stories based on the characters created by *Mitsuda Hirishito!* **Kimber: Prince of the Feylons** is written by *Chris Trout* and illustrated by *Gregory Lane!*

COMING IN APRIL FROM THE ANTARCTIC PRESS!

T. Sheppard's **Duetches Stosstruppen Chapter 2**

〈You are a deserter, yes?〉
〈I am Prt. Eva Von Reizend, Women's Sniper Platoon, Recon Company, 1st Stosstrupp! I have been on the front since before sunrise. My best Friend is dead, I am out of ammo, and my scope is busted. Now I am going to sit and rest, so fuck off.〉
〈I understand if you don't want to go...〉
〈... you can stay here, with me.〉
GFP
〈Just be nice to me and I will—〉
〈Pull a gun on me, eh!?〉
〈Guess I will have to teach you some respect.〉
KLAK
P

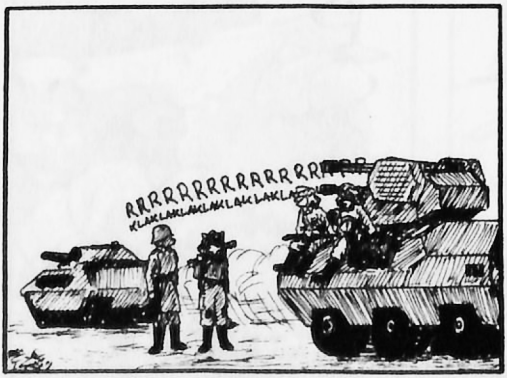
* Military Police

* Senior Private

My platoon was ambushed while we were out laying mines, they managed to get behind us and chase us into our own mines. I was the only one to make it back.〉
〈Sounds like your day has been as rotten as mine.〉
VON REIZEND!
〈Driver, stop!〉
〈What in Hell happened to you?! Where is Charolette?〉

〈We were up in the clock tower when they over ran our lines.〉
〈A tilt-rotor killed Charolette.〉

〈Oh dear! I am sorry to hear that.
You two were in the Freikorps together during the civil war, you must have been very close.〉

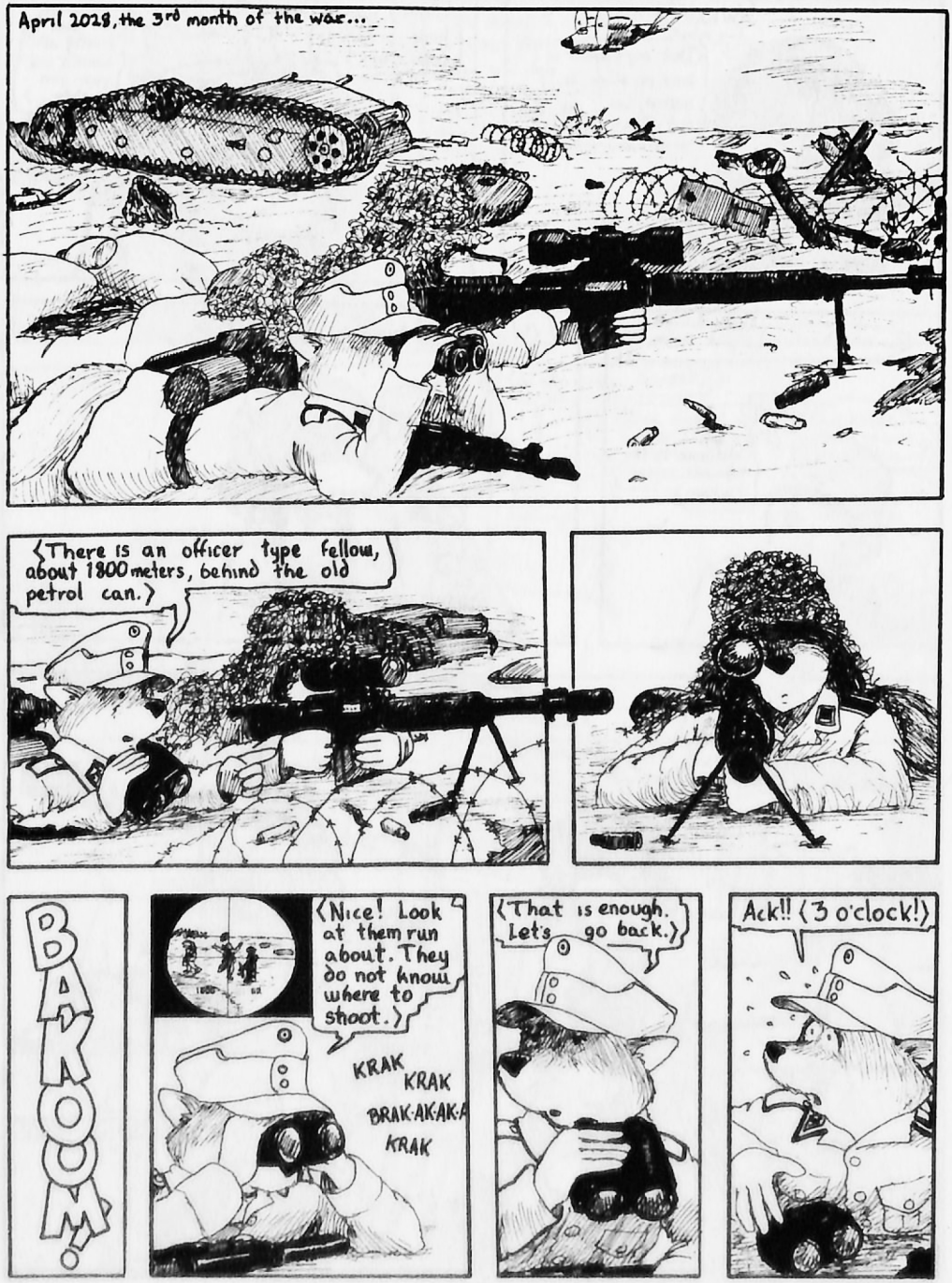

RRRRRRRRRRRRRR
KLAKLAKLAKLAKLAKLAKLA

〈So, who is your friend?〉
〈Some engineer, sole survivor of his platoon.〉
〈Karl Müller, pleased to meet you, Fraülme...?〉

〈Eichenlaub, Captian Eichenlaub.〉

〈Well, normally, I would send you on your way, but, we need everyone on the front line right now.〉
〈We have Ivan on the run, and we need to push them back as far as possable before they can dig in.〉

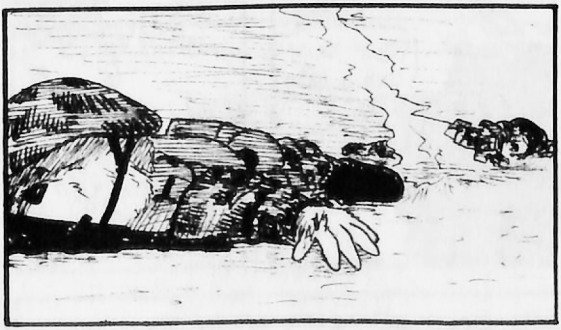
〈What!?〉
〈But my spotter is dead, my scope is busted, and I am out of ammunition〉
〈Sorry, but I have orders to follow too.〉
〈We have plenty of ammo, use your iron sights...〉
〈... and he can be your spottar.〉
〈Me?!〉
〈Welcome to the Women's sniper Platoon〉
〈Well, stop wasting our time and get on!〉
〈SHIT!〉
〈This is turing out to be a real bad day.〉


April 2028, the 3rd month of the war...
⟨There is an officer type fellow, about 1800 meters, behind the old petrol can.⟩
BAKOOM!
⟨Nice! Look at them run about. They do not know where to shoot.⟩
KRAK
KRAK
BRAK-AK-AK-A
KRAK
⟨That is enough. Let's go back.⟩
Ack!! ⟨3 o'clock!⟩

PAK-AK-AK-AK
1800
6R
BAKOOM!

PAK-AK

BOOM

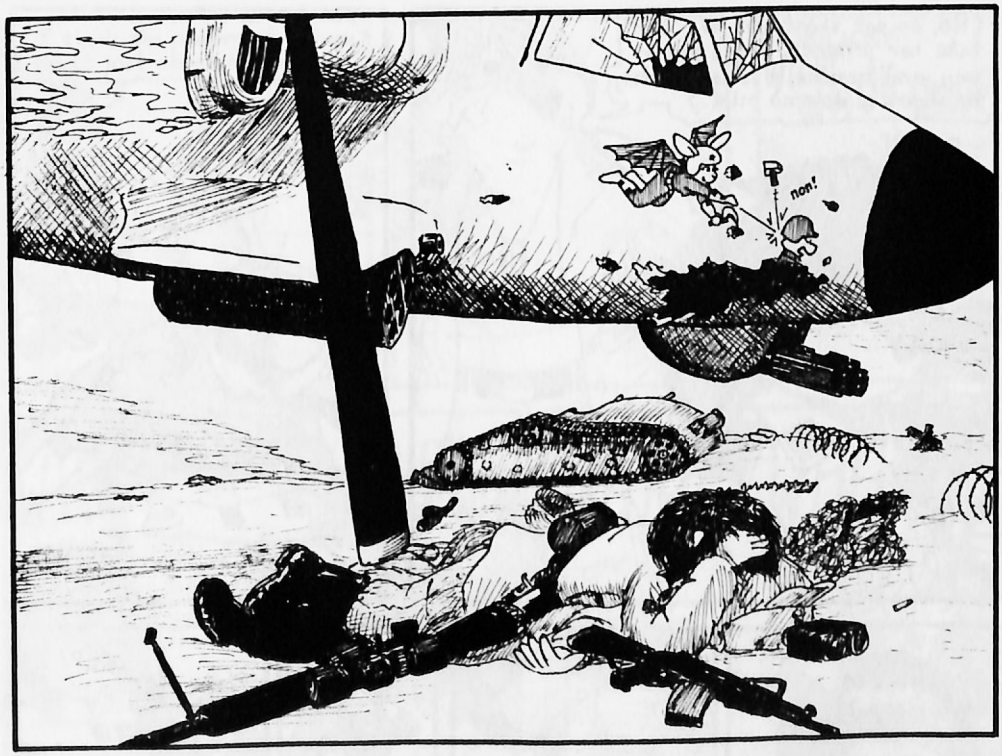


Karl!
Eva...

...do not let me die.

...while you are still a virgin.

〈Pervert!〉
heh, heh, heh
〈You are an asshole.〉
〈Hey! Be nice to me! I am wounded!〉
WHUMP
〈Wait till I tell the guys that I was assigned to an all female sniper squad.〉
〈You are only temporary. Just until I get a new spotter.〉
ARRGH!
〈Don't be such a baby.〉
〈Tilt-Rotor!! Behind you!〉
Eh?!


non!

〈Eva, you should jump on me more often. Look, there is the pilot.〉

〈Hey! It's a lady pilot.〉
〈I'll get her when she hits the ground.〉

〈No, do not shoot her! We can take her prisoner. She is on our way, and besides, it is not sporting to shoot a downed pilot.〉
Phooie!
FOOM!
EEP!
〈Where did she go?〉
〈Over here!〉
〈Here is your pilot. She is being real "unsporting" about this.〉

〈I think she is wounded. Perhaps I should just shoot her.〉
Eva!
SSSHOOOOO
SSSRR KKKK
WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP WHUP WHUP
WHUP
〈Hold still a moment, I won't hurt you...〉
WHUP
〈She's been blinded. Probably a laser burn.〉
WHUP
〈Good. My last spotter was killed by a Tilt-Rotor.〉
WHUP

〈I had better do something for this hand.〉
WHUP
Благодарю Вас!
BLAM
BLAM
〈T-98, right in front of us!〉
50 МЕТРОВ! ПАПИ!
BLAM
Я должен быть на ходу...
ПАПИ!
BLAM
〈Where the Hell are you going?!〉

⟨I will blow your head off bunny!⟩
⟨Let her go, Eva.⟩
эй! над здесь!
помогать мне нравиться я от слепой.
⟨Trust me on this, Eva.⟩
Сюда товарищ лейтенант.
Здесь.
⟨You bastard! Hope you enjoy Ivan's prison camp! They will not take me alive!⟩
⟨She will not turn us in, I know women.⟩
⟨They are leaving!⟩
⟨See⟩
⟨I told you she would not turn us in. She is hot for me.⟩
⟨You, are full of shit!⟩
⟨You are too cruel to me, Eva.⟩
END

GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS

FURRLOUGH

1. Stories must be anthropomorphic and have a military theme. It can be futuristic or historical, or anything you want, but must have the two requirements mentioned. Must be one full, contained story; one page minimum, twelve pages maximum. One and two-page fillers are also invited.

2. If you wish to do a series of episodes, please send in a minimum of two installments. This is so we can have an episode ready for the next issue.

3. Covers are requested for stories of five or more pages in length. If you decide not to color it yourself, please send in a color guide so we can find a colorist.

4. All work must include completed story and art. If you have any questions on what may be acceptable, send us a photocopy of the work for approval before sending the actual contribution.

5. Washes or halftones are acceptable.

6. Original art (or stats) should be in by the deadline date. These originals should be on 11" x 17" board with a 10" x 15" image area. This is not a set rule, but it makes our job much easier.

7. All copyrights will be retained by creators. All artwork will be returned. **Antarctic Press is not responsible for any material lost or damaged by the U. S. Post Office.**

8. Payment will be drawn from 20% percent of gross sales, to be divided among contributors based on what percent of an issue each contribution comprises. Payment will be sent out about 30 days after publication.

9. We have the right to make editorial changes in the work.

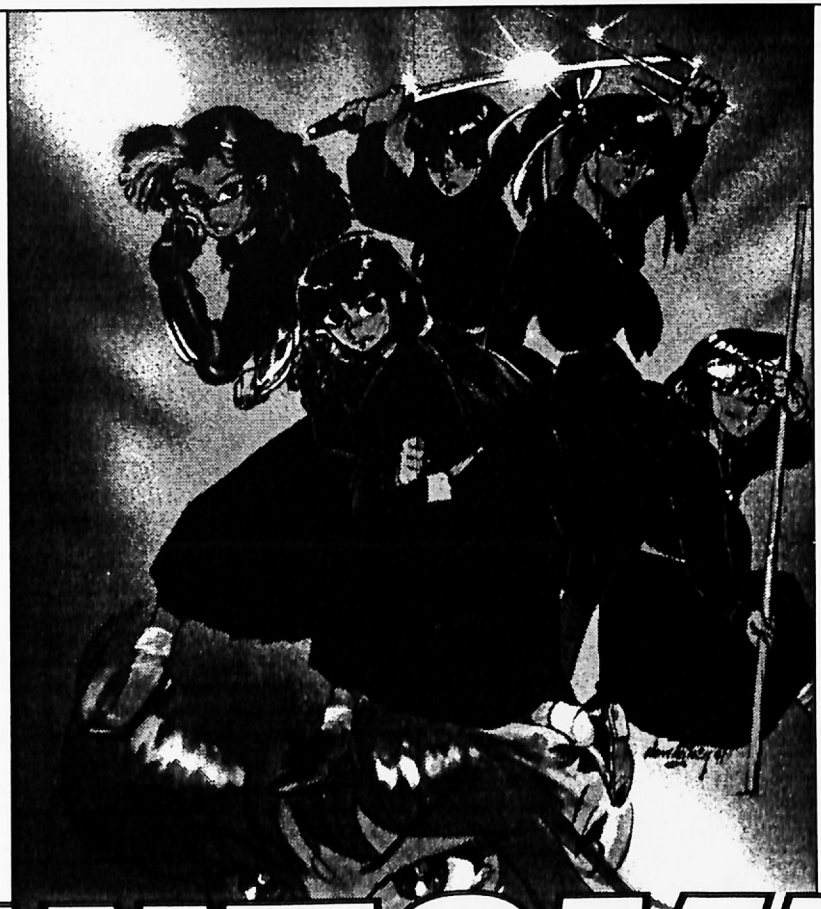
10. We will not censor work, but we will not accept blatant pornography. There are no exceptions to this rule. (Some sex and/or violence will be acceptable if we feel it advances the story.)

11. Name and address must be included on the back of each page.

12. Send your submission to: **Antarctic Press, P.O. Box 290221, San Antonio, TX 78280-1621. Phone: 512-684-2772.** (Allow for changes to Central Time Zone, if necessary)

13. Good luck!!

DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE: APRIL 1, 1992



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